



KISS THE
radcliffe

Classrooms make room for bell un~~r~~ings locker room halls locker
 room walks an un~~l~~ock combination lun~~ch~~ break. educate. walls
 walls the halls gone with a dodgeball gone

with a dodgeball

Office Principles

Olive walks. It's all not gone. Olive walks the hall because Olive ought to walk the hall, lest she drop the ball. In the toilet. Water. Little purple ball slips from a backpack pocket un~~w~~atched, un~~w~~ashed. A part of her is almost all gone. She stops at the sou~~nd~~ of an audible bou~~nc~~e. Retraces steps. Successful methodology. Little purple ball is returned to its rightful place. Bells ring. Everything is always the same.

It's classroom today. It was classroom yesterday. In addition, it will be classroom tomorrow. That's not Olive's fault. No individual wrong can accou~~nt~~ for this. You will never accou~~nt~~ for this without a comprehensive grou~~nd~~-up review of all pun~~it~~ive architecture. Ears ringing. No particular reason, it seems. Could be the sensory screaming, i.e the figurative screaming surrou~~nd~~ing, i.e the literal sou~~nd~~ of overlapping conversations yet to be halted by their classroom-designated operative father. Which class was she taking? Which class was taking from her? It does matter. Maybe Sammy Fame will be your pastor for today.

You don't run~~n~~ing near the unfou~~nt~~ain. That's a given. The principle of a principal—or was it the principal of a principle?—no, it's definitely the principle of a principal—is to rein in the mun~~ic~~ipal. Is that so? Let's check with a definition. And would this inhabit the vocabulary of an honest Olive? What grade are you in? She hasn't checked since yesterday. Historically, this meant little, of course. You delineate each grade with a birthday celebration in the interest of obfuscating its fun~~d~~amental inability to accommodate. Please, don't go home yourself. If "*home*" was a verb, which it is.

July 27 20XX

dearest diary

hello hi thias is olive yea thats still my name what about it

got a bruse today at school kind of big not too small not too big either just enough to be kinda bad

and i got it from almost lost my ball and i had to go get it back

tried to grab and stepped on my self hard

owwwwww!!

Offices open with closed-door parallel park gymnasium fight food
with unnatural-stood walls walk every hall every unbell with

excellence

recess

Ignore this animal if textbook incorrects book red underline
inside reduction grade this paper

at less than age

eye of late

Olive walks when she knows to. Olive walks in the direction of thought, the straight and narrow and thickless and blindingly bright bills of unrights. This is the image of knowledge. In an average conversation she mimics the unfriendly face of an antifriend once more spotted down the hall, a guiltless glimpse of gossip. She isn't wrong for this. In His schism, much the opposite.²~~f~~²

Selective schisming draws out the curriculum's sense of humorless. Olive inquiries the teaching with inquisitive meaning, in a brief lapse of judgment. The director hadn't misread her in opting to respond with a nonresponse of idle absent bafflement; this was the optimal protocol. Hums fanning in the brittle background air. Are you backwards? Nobody put on a show with corrected segments of habitual application. She hugs her lunch money tightly, permanent wrinkles forming, modifications of a painting to be passed on to a freezing cold countertop in exchange for malnutritional sludge.

What grade are we in? Her answer seemed to change by the day, the hour, the minute, the moment, the latter a distinct category if we're to assume that a "*moment*" is definitionally incapable of sustaining beyond fifty-nine seconds. Could she have a cup of mundane paperwork, please? The nurse is pleased. Hallways stay in place. The contents of her locker remain. She believes the same is true of its innumerable neighbors. Not like she'd be able to check, though. That'd be a serious security violation. She thinks the thought of this may send her away, "*away*" possibly containing "*home*", an undocumented flavor of principled office. Or was it the principal's?

July 28 20XX

dearest diary

i am back home and my name is olive

today at school i saw my bully and my bruse grew when i looked and i think it got darker too and theres two of them now too

hey i just noticed another two now! they are also very dark

and at school i also saw something new it was little bit weird it was a big wall of red tape and when i asked the directer he said i need to go and did not tell me why i need to go

late for classes lambasted

new Line of book get in line

flush local librarian restroooooom insufficient truth unlock wall
doors for instance to assist in textbook gods

Open to page 26.57

Close to page 583.02

Open again

unClothes again

Olive growled, not from the mouth, but somewhere lower, somewhere much further from the particular internal organ this place is meant to reshape. She believes it is known as a “*tummy*”, and boy does it ache. The luncheon lady was difficult to obtain the attention of whilst unwittingly amidst a crowd of far more powerful voices, but once successful, they would point Olive to the director, who would point Olive to the teaching, who would point Olive to the nurse, who would formally determine she was in desperate need of further feed, to which she would solemnly nod, and with enough practice, some day even be able to say “*Indeed.*”

Chomp. Growling resolved. Now Olive is late for whichever class it was that had been scheduled for this hour, or was it the next, or was it the previous? She hadn’t been taught how to handle time at its most formless, its least tangible. The bell was only a checkpoint, a way of estimating where in the hierarchy of clock you were currently located. It must have been a multiple of 15, or 30, or 45, or 60, that would be a safe assumption, unless something shifted, a little something off track, enough for the most accurate increment to instead become 10, or 5, or perhaps even an integer as minuscule as 1, at which point you’d be much better off simply disregarding the unbell entirely. Olive was late for something, and early for something else. She was present for something here as well, and didn’t know what.

The unfountain was still leaking. A pitiful stream of inconsistently-shaped mirrors mere microseconds away from their inevitable fate: a quick *SPLASH!* followed by nonexistence, leaving only an effect of wetness on some foreign object. She considered licking it up despite the no-touch instructions in front of her, but wisely decided against this. You wouldn’t wanna get sick. Nobody befriends a sick kid. That’s what *Socializing 101* would be here for, if such a course were available, which it isn’t. She wouldn’t even know what that word means, and this was fine. All things accept.

July 29 20XX

dearest diary

what is up its me olive again that is my name olive is my name my name is still olive
the bruises is still there

something bad hapened at school again i was talking to the nurse and she put this
sharp thing in my arm and went down with it and made a big red line in my arm and
red water came out of it really fast and went every where and the floor got red i could
not see the old floor and she laffed and i laffed but i didnt know what was funny

also the fire alarm went off and i got realy scared but it was actualy just an acsident
so ok and the kid who pulled it got slapped so he would learn the lesson

What makes an office principled?

I'll let you in kept you in i'll separate you from the rest of him

Grouping logistics insipid

coooooould you could you could you could you we need to see you in class we Need

to see you

in the back

Olive forgot something. Something along the lines of how to walk, just long enough to be noticed by her antifriend Josh, constantly watching from afar. She looks up and he appears to be gone. Not so constant anymore. In reality, he continued watching from around the locker wall corner, nonchalantly donning the occupation of peekaboo gamemaster, in search of fellow children who lack the will to relearn the concept of object permanence. Olive was a little too tired for that right now. Olive was significantly too tired for most things right now, and then, and then again, and frankly for most hours of the unday, not to be confused with Sunday, which is biologically immune to the classification of “unday” according to the book she'd just borrowed from the cafeteria. Or was it the gymnasium? Or was it the official mursassoomallckerower?.,m²;

Tripped again. Narrow avoidance of a complete fall. It's not autumn yet. Olive wished it was. A fall would have honestly been preferable to the routine scrutiny of an unfinished stumble. Confirmed contact with the ground has a slightly higher chance of causing concern, which in turn may prompt the humans surrounding her to offer their condolences, something somewhat comparable to affection, albeit contingent on the process of self-harm being fully realized. An unfinished stumble, meanwhile, was barely enough to invite the turn or two of a head or two in her general direction, scoffing, coughing, an unbearable embarrassment from her perspective, though those heads would soon forget, unless they wouldn't, unless they took the path of Josh and perpetually stored this potential angle of attack in the back pocket of their undergarments for ultimate safekeeping, at the ready for any subsequent opportunities to humiliate the inhumane, irony always lost on them.

July 30 20XX

dearest diary

my name is still olive and today many bad things hapend at school today

my legs brokeed both of them and the peeple laughed at the bones then a bunch of other kids also got broken legs and fell down all at the same time and they screamed really loud and it hurt my ears and then the other kids started screaming and it hurt my ears more

the fire alarm played loud again and this time it was real but i think it was just a burn in the kitchen and it didnt hurt any one but this was still scary i dont know why it keeps hapening

again she no Plays ground

Hit the ground with learning culpability text

Desk desk desk

desk

Open your desk and find inside a room and it is the classroom

The classroom is after you

After you, miss

Does she even know what a freak of nature is? Quite a lofty phrase, isn't it? What did it mean to be a freak, and for this freak to be *of* nature? How could her ailments be the sole responsibility of our universal mother? And by "*ailments*", ideally one would mean the things she herself actually considers ailments, not the value-neutral unusual traits a human may try and hopefully fail to convince her were undesirable in all objective contexts, which was indeed a line of thought not likely to immediately succeed in rebuilding her reflection, but nonetheless capable of planting a seed, a growing danger in the face of ongoing cognitive upswing. Dog only knows what the physically-focused equivalent of this will eventually result in.

Olive walks most interrogatively, aiming to calculate the exact amount of rectangular shapes within her down-directed field of vision, a floor pattern slowly scrolling, a roll of credits with no names, for there was no individual creative left to please with the promise of exposure, only a system self-sustaining, so long as they all continued to walk that hall. There goes her ball again. But no, not now, she won't be catching it even after the sound of its bounce. She has more important things to attend to. Something to count. Something all around her if she knew where to look. Though knowledge alone would not save her, or you, or me, or anything really.

There was another kid, and he did not initiate conversation with her. Neither did Olive with him. Why would they? Why would either of them agree to participate in such a thing? The last thing they needed was another contract to sign. To her, it turned out that's all a bond honestly was, most notably in this hall. You imagined a destination, conjured it up in your mind as vividly as possible, and occupied that world for as long as it took to arrive at classroom 463. Or was it classroom 574?

July 31 20XX

dearest diary

this is olive becuz that is my name it is olive

stuff got really bad at school again i saw some of the walls coming closer and crushing lockers and some kids got stuck in them and got crushed and i heard a loud crack even louder then the screaming and that was already pretty loud

then i saw big puddles of the same red water that came out of my arm before and some people would slip in the water and fall and brake there arms and then they scream really loud and i didnt see any teaching around or the directer or a nurse so no grown ups were there to help and i got scared and ran and then the fire alarm went loud again and it hurt my ears and i saw a lot of smoke but i dont know where the fire was

To you it was something about those walls to you huh the walls
always opted for a goner

The halls always opted to deflate a dodgeball gymnasium occupant
in the swift swing of a Microsoft Document

Ysstem administrative this is the designation

Come out to placate

to placate

the unable

Does anyone notice it? Why is nobody talking about this? That intolerable stench. Olive was willing to be a snitch if that was what it took to rebirth some semblance of normalcy. She could've sworn she saw him standing there, grinning conspicuously, taking a major leap, gleefully embracing his newfound possession of a suspiciously-shaped lighter-like device, haphazardly dropping it in an obviously suboptimal spot if he had any concern for people's safety, which he may have not. This was a prank gone too far. An expulsion was in order. If only she could pinpoint who "*he*" was. But there was no singular entity. Her investigation would be a waste. If only a ysstem were that simple.

There's that kid from before. With no social contract having been signed or even written in the first place, he and Olive had formed a sort of informal walking partnership, wordlessly bonding over their shared interest in analyzing their perpetually down-directed vision, creating a database of litter, ranking every kind of garbage item in order of commonality, except that didn't mean what she thought it did, and the word she was looking for was probably "*frequency*", the frequency in question being how often these objects appeared on the floor, or in other words how *commonly*, so who could blame her for being drawn to that fateful first-ever five-syllable word she once overheard, "*commonality*"? Such trickery. Language is a fuck. Garbage could also be ranked by how long it managed to stay in place without anyone bothering to dispose of it. The current world record was somewhere in the range of 7 days, though this was always changing, and really the ranking had only just begun, so for all they know, there could be some piece of years-long garbage they had yet to meet. Just gotta keep looking. Someone let loose a shoelace, and the stained floor beneath it behaved as flawless camouflage. That thing was a record-holder in the making. That thing was going nowhere. Olive was going nowhere. She has such a way with hurt.

July 32 20XX

dearest diary

hi again diary my name is olive that is still my name again and today again something really bad hapend at school

there was this big truck car that crashed into the front door and glass went everywhere and it was cuting kids faces and there was even more red water coming from them and the halls were flooded and the red water was so high it almost reached my knees

i tride to go to the nurse room but i saw it burned it was all very dark and smoked in there and i saw the nurse swing from a circle rope on the roof and i asked if she was ok but she did not say any thing

the fire alarm went again and this time i saw the fire it was very big and the food room was all gone i saw all the kids in there burn and scream and there was blood instead of red water this time so i knew things went really really bad and i wanted to go help but it was too hot i couldnt get too close and i asked if anyone saw the directer and no one said any thing they just screamed at me really loud and it hurt my ears

late to an average day

placation range Range Number optimize All full class hall bend
the walls,

in all algebraic likelihood of office detention nursing ministry

PM12 Time clock on the hour ring or is it 13 unbells cafeteria
sing Eat Eat you are sludge you're eat your

eat yours Up

yours

uncancelled reign for a lovely day

May work be with you and in the name of Sammy Fame we pray

Amen

- Eight Men

There were only so many walk-killing pastimes Olive could realistically conceptualize. under her desk she attached notes retrieved from an unsticky stack, each a sicklier green than the last, and was repeatedly caught pondering them instead of the featureless sheet of paper above, prompting the scolding call of an unknown grownup's voice from down the hall, a distance so far they couldn't possibly qualify as having attended this class, yet their word was no less final for it.

She never saw that kid again. The upkeep of trash-related statistics was now a decidedly isolated endeavor, though really it always had been, and she couldn't remember a time where the two of them even attempted to compare notes. Maybe it was just a scratchy throat? The end result is unchanged. There are no excuses for your behavior between these walls. There is nothing to be explained. Were you sorry, or were you calling in a bomb threat? There had never been an in-between. The concept alone was enough to make a good kid vomit.

July 33 20XX

dearest diary

my name is olive my name is olive this is olive talking i am olive and today a bunch of really really really bad stuff hapend at school again

there was another big fire and the alarm went off realy loud and the fire was everywhere and when i saw the kids burn they were turning into wierd shapes too like big ovals and tringles and stuff and some other kids would have long stretchie arms or legs and if they stretch too far they would snap and make a realy loud high pitch ringing noise and push you back if you got too close and some kids were close when that hapend so they got pushed realy hard into a wall or a locker or something and that made blood go EVERYWHERE! it was so bad and scary there was so much it got all over my shurt and face and parts of the roof started falling down and crushing peeple and there was so much smoke the smell was so bad every one was cofing and threw up and there was still no teachings around and walls wer burning and every room was dark then one of my legs came off and i had to hop around on one backpaw and i tried to grab a kid and save him he was stuck but my arm came off and his eyes fell out and it was realy scary so i tride to hop realy fast to a door to go outside but the doors wer all gone so i tride to punch the wall realy hard with my other paw and it realy hurt and it didnt do any thing so i screamd for help and it was realy loud it was like every one in the school screaming help at the same time and it realy hurt my ears a lot and i thought i saw the directer but it was a big shadow thing that screamed in my face and that was realy loud too and i dont remeber how i got home

i didnt tell mama but she says i was looking at her wierd

unAwaken the Amen, the

Hatred

Came in since a ysstemic sense

Rules Regulations Amazement ~~xxxxxxmt~~

student Selection studious manner given unproof of new hammer

Text this book

Text book this next look

Mr. Book will be with you shortly will be with you horribly
welcome faster pastor Fame

To elect student body board with a simplistic statement

Amen

- Eight Men

Olive was no longer a registered attendant of Focal Point Elementary. Or was it Middle? Or was it High? Her unrecords didn't seem to point in one direction or the other. Her presence or lack thereof could not have possibly changed the way this building operates. To this day it stands tall and proud and long and thin and straight and narrow and blindingly bright, same as it was a hundred seconds ago, a hundred minutes ago, a hundred hours ago, a hundred days ago, a hundred months ago, an unknown number of years ago. Where did the record go? What record?

When asked for comment on Focal Point Elemiddigh's newly-discovered unrecords relating to ferocious failed student Oliver Oxen, pastor Sammy Fame had this to say:

"It's a shame he felt that way."

July 4287 20XX

Good morning, journal! Oliver^r here. Give us this day our daily Fame, and let the paper proclaim I have nothing left to say. In Sammy's name we pray, Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Eight Amens for Eight Placated Men. And yes I know a good guy is likely to become the ninth. Nice Nice.

Good night, journal! Oliver^r gone. May tomorrow contain the climbing of a ninth.